

THE SHADOW SELF.

As the traveler westward bound
Who sees a shadowed shadow run
Of shadows beneath him on the ground,
And it follows him as he goes on,
So shadow the youth grows,
And shadows with a foot and curious mind;
And the man in prime manhood,
Who knows age has cast it far behind.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

It was a little old village in Westchester county, not far from the settlement which the Huguenots of the French Rochelle had founded. It was a little old village, and the growth of the tall trees much untrammelled. Mrs. Skinner dwelt in a large, white house, pillastered in front, set back from the road and screened from the eye of casual passers by a grove of elms. The green shutters that sheltered the long, French windows, opening upon the colonnaded portico and the three smaller windows of the second floor, just beneath the flat-roof of that same portico, projecting in the center into a cornice of classic design, were always closed, their slats standing methodically all one way.

Once every day a coach, an antiquated coachman, a pair of fat, sleek, mild horses drew up before the gate at the end of the narrow path, flagged with white, square stones leading to the door of the house. And from that door came a tall feminine figure, erect, clad in robes of deep black. On Sundays likewise did Mrs. Skinner appear with a majesty of gait old age and solitude had been powerless to impair, walking up the aisle of the Episcopal church to the very front pew, when raising her eyes from the preacher's face she might see, in the left transept, the memorial tablets of three Skinners, now passed on to the silent majority.

On the first Sunday in June the windows were thrown open, the day mild with the June balminess of fresh-blown leaf and flower, and the sunshine would creep in and lie in a golden shaft over the richest and oldest tablet of the three not put there by herself, the one sacred to the memory of Egbert Thomas Hamilton Skinner.

That shaft of yellow sunlight lay so to-day, disturbed only as the checkered shadow of a breeze-stirred bough shifted and decomposed its luminous bar, and Mrs. Skinner, mayhap, Ethel Mary de Kay, wife of the Egbert Thomas Hamilton Skinner of long years ago—forgot the clergyman's text and neglected to follow his discourse.

Alone she sat in the darkened dining room at her midday meal. An old servant moved in an out, pieced and mended the portraits of Egbert and De Kay—husband and wife—their faces on the flat surfaces of the wooden panels that characterized the American art of the early years of the century from the fished frames on the walls. Like more than one De Kay was this old woman's haughty head, with the clear, high profile. The skin of her face was bleached to the smooth, yellow whiteness of old ivory. Black and piercing were the eyes and black also the arching eyebrows, though the hair was a silvered mass. They all but met over the nose, these fine, strong, black eyebrows, and a tale they told of the De Kay tenacity, the temper of the De Kay mind and spirit.

After she had passed into the drawing room the old servant who had dressed her mistress' hair and hung up her black dresses these forty years noiselessly entered.

"Shall I pack, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Skinner was a moment in replying.

"A few things in a valise—yes. We shall only be gone two or three days."

The old serving woman as noiselessly retreated.

The next day mistress and maid were ascending the steps of the old town house, in Tenth street. It had been carefully closed since the departure of the last tenant. Though the afternoon was warm the breath of the empty rooms struck against Mrs. Skinner's cheek with a dull chill.

"Shall I let in the sun, ma'am?" said Hannah.

Mrs. Skinner did not seem to hear.

"So they want the top floor, too, these new tenants?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hannah, who was in some wise manager of her mistress' affairs as well.

"Then everything must be moved out."

"If I could do anything—"

the day when the tragedy of her life had come to her.

Her eyes, accustomed now to the obscurity of the room, saw them both—the two portraits that she had placed side by side before she looked the door, with her own hand, never except by her own hand to be opened, thirty-five years before. There they were as she had placed them the day she had left the house, the house of her husband who had wronged her, Egbert Hamilton Skinner, the handsomest of all his family, there he was! His blue eyes, his smooth face, his laughing, treacherous, debonaire mouth. The widow looked at them all. And then the face of Martha, his cousin. Ah, yes, she had been fair, too, Martha, with her innocent face and her lips that were like ripe roses and all her golden curls that fell upon her white neck. And as treacherous, as false as he! Well had she placed them side by side and locked the door upon them—locking them out, as she had locked the man and woman who had wronged her, out of her life forever.

When Hannah, the hours passing without sound from above crept fearfully up the stairs and to the open door, she uttered a low cry. On the floor, in the heavy gloom of the room, lay her mistress senseless. In her hand she held a faded paper.

Hannah, lifting the unconscious head, looked about her in the gathering, deepening darkness. A tall, quaint piece of furniture, with many drawers had been opened. One of the drawers stood out, with a scattered confusion of papers. Hannah's memory was very vivid. She had no need to look at that piece of furniture twice to know it. Often had she seen in the days when the master and mistress of the house and Miss Martha and she, too, had been young, the master stand before it and look away his private papers.

The green shutters were open now in the old white pillastered house in Westchester county. The doctor went in and out every day.

He shook his head; he looked at the old maid-servant grudgingly, suspiciously.

"There are infallible indications of a mental shock."

"I know nothing," was the old woman's cool answer.

The doctor with an impatient click of the tongue, went rapidly down the white flagging and back to his gig at the gate. Hannah, immovable in every feature as always, went back to her mistress' side.

"You told him?" the white lips would frame.

"No, Mrs. Skinner. You know I wouldn't," was the only answer.

One day the invalid looked up.

Hannah crossed the room and stood by the bed. "Sit down."

Hannah obeyed. "I've been thinking," "talking a great deal," the once strong, peremptory tones said. "You know what I mean?"

Hannah nodded.

"I've been thinking that perhaps you know."

A swift change went over the old woman's face.

"Oh, Mrs. Skinner, don't ask me!"

"I shall ask you!" Strength seemed to have returned to the doctor's patient. Forcibly she raised herself on one arm. Impetuously she stretched out the still handsome hand in the old, firm, commanding gesture. "Tell me everything you know!"

"Then—none of it was true. Miss Martha never cared—never, never. It was some one else. But she knew you would not have liked it, ma'am, for he was poor and not much in the way of family, and since Miss Martha lived with you she was—" the old woman's voice sank.

"Afraid to let me know? She was afraid of me. Go on."

"Well, yes, ma'am. But Mr. Skinner he found it out and she told him all, Miss Martha. And he was trying to get Miss Martha's sweetheart into some business, ma'am. And then, when that was done, the two of them would have told you. But they did not dare before. And it's that, so help me God Almighty, Mrs. Skinner, ma'am that they were so much together. Of anything else—" Again the old woman stopped. This time a color came into her strong, controlled, withered old face.

"There never was on all this earth a wife that was loved more faithfully than you, Mrs. Skinner, ma'am."

Her voice rang out on the silence.

"And you never told me?" The tones that came from behind the bed-hangings seemed to have grown strangely old.

"There would have been no use, ma'am—and you know that," came the firm answer.

"No, Mrs. Skinner—my husband, never defended himself, Hannah."

Oh, how fast the pride stubbornly upheld through all these years, was breaking.

"No, ma'am," grimly, "not when you wouldn't listen to him, and turned Miss Martha out of doors, ma'am. He came to me, did Mr. Skinner. Hannah," said he, 'you know this is a most horrible untruth.' Yes, sir," said I. 'But she will never believe it,' he said. And

he was as white as the dead. 'Never was a wife better loved,' said he. 'But if her awful pride and anger are to wreck my life, I, too, can have pride. I shall not love to her.' And with that he was gone and I said never a word, ma'am, for this is the first time in thirty-five years that the master's name has been spoken, as you know, ma'am."

Softly, noiselessly, Hannah rose from her chair. Nothing more she had to say. "He, like no one else ever was—Mr. Skinner. Never was a kinder, handsomer, sunnier gentleman. I would have done anything for him," she left the room.

The yellow letter that had come from the little drawer in the old place of furniture and on which a dying hand had traced the truth that the beautiful, vindictive woman, its owner had once called wife, might learn it at last, lay on the bed within reach of Mrs. Skinner's fingers.

The soft June sunlight shone into the room, and outside the windows the birds sang. And these things seemed to mock the woman who lies there, her life passed, thrown away, all her unforgiving bitterness, her vengeful pride thrust back upon her with the despair of a love, which neither the illusion of outrage nor the oncoming sorrows of age, had been able to dim.—N. Y. Mercury.

ONLY ONE BRAVE MAN.

The Stage Coach Was Riddled By Its Got the Plunder Back.

"One day in October, 1877, I was staging it in Northern California," said Thomas M. Farrow. "There were six of us in a coach. We were talking about stage robbers. Suddenly there was a halt, and one of the party said, 'Speak of the devil and he will appear.' Well, we all got out and stood in a line and gave up our purses and watches. The driver had thrown off the mail-bag and the Wells-Fargo safe. There were two robbers, neither of them masked. They were not polite like the knights of the road of romance, but swore continuously. The job was done in about five minutes, and the robbers told the driver to go ahead. We did so for a half-mile or so, when one of the passengers, a silent man whom I had taken for a commercial man, said to the driver: 'Go slowly and wait for me at the ford.' He then produced a Winchester from the bottom of the coach and started back over the road alone.

"Who is he?" was asked of the driver.

"Wells-Fargo," he answered; "never saw him before, but he knows his business. He comes back he will have a lot of gold."

"Some rapid firing," we heard some rapid firing. We stopped at the ford. Nearly an hour passed and then the man who had gone back appeared on the trail. He walked slowly, as if in pain, and a bloody handkerchief was tied about his head. "Drive back and get the box," he said to the driver. "Did you get 'em?" asked the driver. "Both of 'em," he replied.

"We drove back. In the middle of the road where we had been held up, both men lay dead. The Wells-Fargo detective, calculating that they would stop to rifle the mail bag and the strong box, divide the plunder, and then separate, had quietly walked back. One of them he dropped with his Winchester before he was suspected; the other got in one shot before he fell, and that had struck the brave man a glancing blow on the head. Our property was all restored to us. We helped bury the dead robbers by the roadside. The brave officer refused to accept the purse we hastily raised for him."

How Many Stars in the Flag.

It is remarked as singular, and possibly an indication of lack of patriotism, that the average American, always excepting school children, cannot tell off-hand how many stars there now are in his country's flag. If any reader of this desires to try the question on ten of his friends he will probably find that only three or four can give the correct number even after a minute of hard thought. The ordinary reply will range from forty to forty-two stars instead of the correct forty-four. The admission within four years of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming has brought the list up to the last mentioned number. The shape of the union has been changed from a square to a rectangle, and the stars are arranged in six straight lines, the upper and lower ones containing eight stars and the remaining four having seven stars.

Ancestral Timber Leaver Its Mark.

Little Boy—My first name is awful ugly; but you has got a real pretty name, hasn't you?"

Little Girl—Yes; I think it is.

Little Boy—Meddlatively. I guess you didn't have any rich old bachelor aunts, did you?"

"Hi!"

"Why do people always say 'Hi' when they want to stop a stage?"

"They don't like to taxilate the horses by saying 'Hay!'—Harper's Bazar.

About Shoes.

Boots are supposed to have been the invention of the Carlians. They were mentioned by Homer, 607 B. C. Grecian women possessed twenty-two kinds of footgear, which may be classed as those which cover all the foot up to the ankle and those which simply tied on the top of the foot with wide ribbons or straps. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years and is probably of eastern origin. Frequent mention is made of the shoe in the Bible from the book of Exodus to the acts and there is mention made of a shoe latchet as early as the time of Abraham.

The Coal Supply.

Coal first came into use in England in 1234. During the last ten years there were produced 11,086,000,000 tons, and coal fields have been discovered in every country in the world. It is estimated that the coal fields now known will supply the constantly increasing demand 1000 years, which will give the world time to look round and either discover more or find a proper substitute.

Expensive Signs.

A considerable item of expense to every ambitious new furrier is the cost of mounting the stuffed fur-bearing animals that usually occupy the furrier's show windows and are his most effective signs. The skins thus exhibited sometimes cost some thousands of dollars and those that are exposed to the weather must be frequently replaced.

His Burden.

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot soldier in the army of the czar carries over sixty-eight pounds. The weights borne by the foot soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: French, 62 pounds; British, 62 pounds; German, 61 pounds; Swiss, 69 pounds; Italian, 45 pounds; Austrian, 47 pounds.

Burnah's Way.

Among the hill tribes of Burnah the four cardinal virtues are: To kill a foe, to fall in battle, to become a priest or to offer one's self as a sacrifice to the earth goddess. The sins are: Getting into debt, betraying public secrets, breaking an oath, refusing hospitality and skulking in time of war.

Carbonizing Wool.

The process of carbonizing wool is one to which special attention has been given in Germany, and latterly in England. It is accomplished by means of magnesium chloride and aluminum chloride in connection with this has been a matter of interesting investigation.

Oleo Oil.

Oleo oil is made from the choicest fat of beef cattle, chilled in ice water, then melted at a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit. From this is pressed a perfect soluble oil, known as oleo oil, which is the only beef product used in oleomargarine.

Postoffice Robberies.

During the past three months thirty-five postoffices in New England have been broken into, the safes blown open and the contents taken. In all the government is a loser by over \$10,000.

Books.

The first English book was printed in 1474. In 1891 the publishers of this country issued 4665 new books, with an average of 1000 copies each. During the same year there were 4429 new books printed in England.

An Oil Map.

The oil dealers have just had made a photograph of a relief map showing the oil-bearing districts of the United States. It is a map 7 feet long and 50 inches wide, and shows the states in which there are oil wells.

What Has Been.

Cakes of tea in India, pieces of silk in China, salt in Abyssinia and codfish in Ireland have all been used as money.

Caught in the Tolls.

Of that lurking foe, chills and fever, we often struggle vainly to free ourselves from its clutch. Palliatives there are without number, but if you want a real remedy, as of course you do if afflicted with this shonible malady, hasten to procure and persistently use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If you follow this suggestion, permanent restoration to health will reward you. Every form of malarial disease is permanently eradicated by the Bitters, which is likewise a reliable safeguard against malarial fever. Not alone on this continent, but throughout the tropics, it is justly regarded as a complete antidote to malarial poison in air or water. No less effective is it for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness. No one suffering in a malarial region, or who is subject to outdoor exposure to rough weather, or to excessive mental or physical strain, should be without this fine defensive tonic.

Each woman creates in her own likeness the love tokens that are offered her.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Love is so closely allied to war that its truest expression is an appeal to arms.

A Bundle of Nerves.

She's nothing but a bundle of nerves, due to Uterine Affluents, which so often bring about wreck of health. But Creole Female Tonic repairs shattered nerves by specially controlling the cause, and curing irregularities, reversions and all Uterine Complications, except those amenable to surgery only.

Frequently the curves of men bring the blessings of heaven.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders use Brown's Iron Bitters—The Best Tonic. It rebuilds the system, cleans the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

I beg you to take courage; the brave soul can stand even disaster.

Fits—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No matter how long they have been cured. Send for Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is nothing—no, nothing—innocent of good that dies and is forgotten.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them.

If the Baby is Crying Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mac Wisnaw's Baby's Friend for Children Teething.

A mob is the scum that rises upon the surface of the nation's blood.

One dose of Bechman's Pills relieves sick headache in 20 minutes. For sale by all druggists, 25 cents a box.

Keep your eyes turned inward upon yourself and beware of judging others.

Karl's Cleave Root.

The great old Indian cure for rheumatism and cleaviness to the complexion and cure Constipation. See How.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.

BAD BLOOD.

Blotches, Sores, Scabs and Croaks—A Remarkable Case Cured—Suffered All a Year Could Suffer and Live—Face, Neck and Hands Covered With Awful Sores—Read and Be Convinced.

Mr. John Vey, a prominent German of St. Joseph, Mo., residing at No. 1114 S. 1st St., corner Fifth and D, writes the following to say: "I was laid up with diphtheria in my hands, face and neck, and was in a very bad condition. I heard of the success of Dr. Hattaway's cure and decided to try it. When I called upon him he told me he could cure me in three months. My first week that I used the Doctor's medicine I obtained the greatest relief and comfort and I commenced to improve at once, and at the end of three months I was cured. Dr. Hattaway's cure is a great blessing to all who are afflicted with these diseases. They cure where others fail. Do not fail to write them if afflicted. They are the leading and successful specialists of this country in their line. Send for Symptom Blank No. 1 for Men; No. 2 for Women. Address Dr. Hattaway & Co., 129 1/2 W. Commerce St., San Antonio, Texas."



Special anything's large were would come. I suffered terribly with cold sores, or red, dry or night. Even my right side became almost unbearable with cold sores and pain. It was a great relief to me when I heard of Dr. Hattaway's cure and decided to try it. When I called upon him he told me he could cure me in three months. My first week that I used the Doctor's medicine I obtained the greatest relief and comfort and I commenced to improve at once, and at the end of three months I was cured. Dr. Hattaway's cure is a great blessing to all who are afflicted with these diseases. They cure where others fail. Do not fail to write them if afflicted. They are the leading and successful specialists of this country in their line. Send for Symptom Blank No. 1 for Men; No. 2 for Women. Address Dr. Hattaway & Co., 129 1/2 W. Commerce St., San Antonio, Texas."

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